NUMB. VI.

Heraclitus Ridens.

A Diſcourſe between JEST and EARNEST concerning the TIMES.

To be continued Weekly.

THURSDAY *March* 6. 1717-18.

Jeſt. ABOVE all the Scriblers of the Week, give me the Author of the *Flying Poſt* for my Money--He is one of the moſt diverting Fellows now breathing.

Earneſt. What's in the Wind now?

Jeſt. Wind ſay you? He has got Scent of whole Droves of Wild Beaſts, and made the Ravenous Creatures of the Wilderneſs quit their Abodes on dry Land, to take up their Habitations on deep Waters, and has, by the Help of a very fertile Invention, obliged the World with ſuch a Diſcovery, that nothing in Nature can poſſibly come up to.

Earneſt. I have heard indeed of this Gentleman's happy Talent in the Art and Myſtery of *Metrorology*, and *Prodigy-making*—But am to ſeek for a Reaſon why I am kept in Suſpence, as to a clearer Knowledge of the Particulars of your new Charge againſt him.

Jeſt. That Paragraph in his Paper of the firſt Inſtant will give it you.

Earneſt. (*Reads*) *Malaga, Feb.* 15. 'The 'Maſter of a *Tartan* came in from *Cadiz*, ſays, 'That 12 Miles on this Side the *Streights*, he 'fell in with a floating Iſland, upon which 'were many *Lyons*, *Tygers*, *Leopards*, *Panthers*, 'and other wild Beaſts, and abundance of 'Fowls, which made ſuch a Noiſe that they 'might eaſily be heard 2 Leagues off. But 'that he loſt Sight of it 10 Miles from hence; 'Upon which our Governor forthwith ſent a 'Frigat towards the *Streights*, to obſerve what 'is become of this floating Iſland, and to get 'Account of all Circumſtances, becauſe we 'never heard before of any ſuch Thing in 'theſe Seas. Some think it came off from the 'Coaſt of *Africa*.

Jeſt. There's another *Delos* for you, tho' he is too well known to be taken for an Oracle.

Earneſt. He did well to write it down for Ship News, and has very luckily provided his Friend and Neighbours Mr. *Whiſton* again, with new Materials for portending the *Downfall* of the *Turks* this Campaign, by inſinuating that it was a Piece of the Continent diſmember'd from *Africa*! 'Twas Time for thoſe Creatures to *Roar*, take my Word for it, at the Sight of themſelves in ſo unwonted and deſperate a Situation.

Jeſt. There

Jeſt. There is little Appearance of any ſuch Proſpect of Affairs to the Advantage of the Chriſtian Name, if there be any ſuch Alliance between his Majeſty the King of *Spain*, and the Grand Seignior, and if the Letter inſerted in the *Flying-Poſt* of the 4th Inſtant, written by the laſt of thoſe Potentate's, has the leaſt Foundation of Truth in it.

Earneſt. We have hinted on a former Occaſion, at the Offence taken at it by the *Spaniſh* Ambaſſador at the *Hague*, when Printed in *Holland*; and there is no Room to imagine, that his Excellency the *Marquiſs* of *Mondelion*, will be leſs Diligent in reſenting the ſame inſolent Affront put upon his Maſter here, by the like Complaints that have been made elſewhere. But to the Affairs of the *Turk*, which you ſeem to put into a more Flouriſhing Condition, than I am willing to think them in—

Jeſt. Not I truly, I am as little for the *Ottoman Intereſt* as your ſelf.-- Tho' it is but natural to conclude, that if the *Spaniards* get Ground in *Italy*, the *Imperialiſts* to drive them out again muſt weaken themſelves in *Hungary*.

Earneſt. I remember when *Buda* was taken by the Duke of *Lorain*, aſſiſted by the Elector of *Bavaria* in 1686, the following Epigram was written by way of Prophecy.

Integra de Victis ut ſit Victoria Turcis
Littera Chriſticolis, B, capienda ter eſt.
Buda *prius, poſt hanc* Belgradum, *Regia demum*
Mœnia Byſanti; *cætera Luſus erunt.*

O'er conquer'd Turks the Victory to compleat
The Chriſtian thrice muſt Letter B, repeat.
Firſt Buda, Belgrade *next, the Third Effort*
Byſantium's *Walls: The reſt will be but Sport.*

So that now the Two firſt of theſe Three Cities are in the Hands of the *Germans*, it is to be hoped that *Conſtantinople* it ſelf, at laſt may likewiſe fall into 'em, which will verify the Predictions of the Poet, by driving them intirely out of all *Europe*.

Jeſt. The ſooner the better ſays your Friend *Jeſt*; for thoſe that live near them have but ſcurvy Neighbours of them, witneſs their Incurſions into *Moldavia*, and *Tranſilvania* lately, and the Havock they have made in the Emperors new Conqueſts. But here's a Pamphlet ſent me for your Opinion, the Bookſeller has deſir'd of me to make Intereſt with you to recommend it.

Earneſt. I ſhall always be ready to give my *Opinion*, but ſomewhat more ſparing of my *Recommendation*. It bears the Title of *the Celeſtial Divorce made Engliſh from the Original Italian of* FERRANTE PALLAVICINO, and is render'd into our Mother Tongue, at this time of Day, when Diſſentions are ariſen from among the Clergy of the Church of *England*, and ſome of them draw their Pens in Favour of Schiſmaticks from her Communion, with more pernicious Views, than you may conceive.

Jeſt. 'Tis written againſt the Pope, the Cardinals, and the Tyranny of the *Romiſh Church*.

Earneſt. I ſay it comes abroad with a moſt impious Intent; to leſſen the Authority that is owing to Hierarchical Government; to ſet at nought the Reverence that is due to our Orthodox Teachers and Paſtors; and give it into the Power of ignorant Handicraſts-men; to comment upon and expound the ſacred Scriptures.

Jeſt. Make that appear, and I have done with Thoughts of ever caſting an Eye into it.

Earneſt. As to the Tranſlation, Mr. *Ozel* ſtands acquitted of all manner of Blame from the Purity of his Language, and the Fidelity of his expreſſing the Author's Meaning; I wiſh I could not ſay, that he treads upon his very Heels in his Deſign: But as to the Contents of it, they want no more than to be read, to be abhorr'd, ſince they are full of Blaſphemies, full of Self Contradictions. In the firſt Chapter he makes God to Addreſs his Son, and demand the Reaſon of his being diſpleas'd with his Spouſe, the Church, and to perſwade him to a Reconciliation. Then Chriſt anſwers his Father, and inſiſts upon his being Divorced. Upon this St. *Paul* is commanded to deſcend upon the Earth, to draw up an Information of the Life and Actions of his Spouſe, and goes through *Lucca, Parma, Florence, Venice, Ancona, Ragoſa, Loretto*, and *Rome*, where he leaves his Sword behind him as he did his Cloak at *Troas*.

Jeſt. Where are the Blaſphemies in all this? Where the Inconſiſtences?

Earneſt. As for the one you need not look farther than Page 59, where he introduces a Cardinal at Confeſſion ſaying, *at the Time that I was ordained a Prieſt, the Devil enter'd into me*, and Page 114, where he makes an Angel talk very luſciouſly of the Incontinency of a Nun: In the next Place, as to the other, while he is repreſented to acknowledge *the Church of*

England

England for the Church of Chriſt, to Dr. *Buchanan*, the Clergy of that Church are ſaid to *have no Charity among them*, and to *perſecute Men of the ſame Faith among them more than they would do Heathens.*

Feſt. I have heard of that *Buchanan*, where did he meet with him? If I miſtake not he was a *Scotch Presbyterian.*

Earneſt. Yes verily, he was a Great Man. Tutor to King *James* the firſt, and Almoner to the Queen of *Bohemia.*

Feſt. Poor Lady! She was reduced to ſuch Streights as to have no need of one.

Earneſt. To go on with the Subject before us, the Presbyterians are as little oblig'd to *Ferrante*, as the Members of the Church eſtabliſh'd here among us; for it is ſaid, that *the Calviniſts he converſed with, did always treat of Matters of Controverſy with great Heat*, and that *he found them of ſuch high Principles, and ſo fond of Church Authority, that they ſeem'd rather inclined to be reconciled with the Church of* Rome, *than not have it in their Power to cruſh their Enemies, who dared to diſagree with them about Ceremonies, and even hated their own Brethren of the ſame Communion, who did not concur in this pious End.*

Juſt. Well ſaid *Ferrante*, I could almoſt forgive thy Reflections on the Orthodox Clergy, for this home Thruſt upon thoſe Sons of Falſhood. But, if this Book has ſo many Taints of Blaſphemy in it, why is it not condemn'd, as the Author was that wrote it? Why not animadverted upon by the Magiſtracy?

Earneſt. That Author ſuffer'd Death: But a Blaſphemer now a Days, an old Offender in the moſt horrid Imprecations againſt the Divine Being, ſhall only have a gentle Whipping, Impriſonment for a Month, and a Fine of Twenty Shillings; while *the Beauty of Holineſs* is excluded the *Temple*, that *Scotch Trinkets* may glaze in it, and one that is an Ornament to the Purity of our Holy Faith, ſhall be ſet aſide to make Room for the very Reverſe of him.

Feſt. I know not what you mean, but you are at Liberty to proceed.

Earneſt. The Lives of Magiſtrates ſhould be as ſacred as their Laws, that Men may prize theſe, and not dare to violate thoſe; That if wicked Men will not love Religion, yet they may pull in their Heads and not dare to deſpiſe it. What can be more perſuaſive for the vulgar to embrace Virtue, than to ſee it made the *Election* of thoſe, whom they ſuppoſe to have moſt *Judgment* in diſcerning its Value, and who have all the contrary Pleaſures of Sin within their Reach, nay, proſtrate at their Feet, ſuing for Entertainment, ſo are not caſt on it by *Impotence*? When *Gentlemen* are *Atheiſtical Clowns*, ſuch as the Wretch juſt before ſpoken of, will think themſelves very *modeſtly wicked*, if they are but *prophane.* And when they hear their Betters diſcharge loud Vollies of Blaſphemies, they will ſoon find they are as well qualified for that Part of Greatneſs as the beſt: Their Tongues are as much their own, and they will be glad that by ſuch an eaſy Employment, they can be enobled ſo very Cheap. When a Diſtillation of Evil Falls from the *Head* upon the *Lungs* of any State, there muſt needs follow a deadly Conſumption. The Sovereign ſometimes is ſmitten in his Subjects, neither is it otherwiſe than juſt, that the Arraignment of many Malefactors runs in the Style of Wrong done to the King's Crown and Dignity. *Eminency* of Virtue in meaneſt Perſons commands an awful Reſpect; and caſts a Luſtre upon the very Dignities of the greateſt: It by a ſtrong Reflection doubles the Beams of Majeſty, whilſt Impiety ſtrangely leſſens the moſt exalted Station, and ſecretly and unavoidably derives ſome Weakneſs upon Authority it ſelf. How hard it is for thoſe that wear ſoft Rayment, and are in King's Courts to ſee Heaven thro' the Palace Caſement's? The Rich Man's Wealth is his *ſtrong City.* There lies hid a Kind of Sorcery in the Purple Veſt'ment, the Robe is a Kind of Enchantment. How many have loſt their Sight by ſtaring too much on the glittering Heap? and their Senſes by drinking too deep out of the intoxicated Cup of Abundance, and are ſo infatuated with their Chariots of Glory, as if they ſhould out-run all Miſeries. But Lightning from Heaven ſtrikes on the Higheſt Mountains, and what is a Throne of State to him that has Heaven for his and cauſes the very Cedars to ſhiver at his Voice? What is a Scarlet Robe to him that is Clothed with Jealouſie as with a Garment? Can a Golden Scepter frighten away Judgment, or all the Jewels of the Crown redeem from Vengeance? Shall the Munition of Rocks be a ſure Defence? Shall a Prince Reign becauſe he dwells in *Cedar*? There is an Almighty Being takes even Kings by the Collar, and hurles them under his Feet; He ſmites the *Great Ones* with *Breaches*, and makes the Houſe of *Glory*

to

periſh. Thoſe Crowns that now ſit light on ir Heads, ſhall ere long lie heavy on their nſciences, that think it beneath them to wn Religion, any farther than 'tis ſubſervient to their Civil Intereſt. Thoſe that would command the Hearts of Men, ſhould ſhew them the Image of the Almighty in their Faces; and they that ſit in Thrones of Judgment, ſhould be able to ſcatter away Evil with their Eye, by their very Preſence, to look and ſtrike an Awe into Offenders. If they dart nothing but Malignant Influences, who are placed as Stars in our Firmament, no wonder if an Univerſal Peſt enſue. 'Tis they have brought Vice into Countenance, advanced it to this Repute, made it ſo much the Mode and Faſhion of the Times, that People dread the Singularity of being innocent.

Jeſt. Nay, if you ſet up for this Way of *Canting*, I am your humble Servant, you are no Companion for me.

Earneſt. Cant doſt thou call it? We ought by the moſt prudent and effectual Means to make it our Endeavour, to curb thoſe bold and inſolent *Defiers* of Heaven, who take a Pride in being *Monſters*, and are come to that Degree of Impiety, as to take Pride in the Follies and Deformities of human Nature. God himſelf would not ſuffer the *Jews* to ſpeak evil of other Gods, though they were to deſtroy all thoſe who tempted them to the Worſhip of them; the *Heathens* would not ſuffer their Gods to be reviled, which yet were no Gods, and ſhall it among Beleivers of the True God, be allowed by any Man, to make a Mock of the Maker of Heaven and Earth, and to breath out Threatnings againſt him, who gave Us Life and Breath, and all Things? That Religion ſhould be made the Object of their Railery, who make it not their Care and Buſineſs to ſearch into it, yet throw out their bitter Scoffs and profane Jeſts againſt it, does not become the Gravity of a Nation profeſſing Wiſdom to permit, much leſs the Sobriety of a People profeſſing Chriſtianity. But ſince you are ſo impatient at ſuch ſerious Diſcourſe, I have done.

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